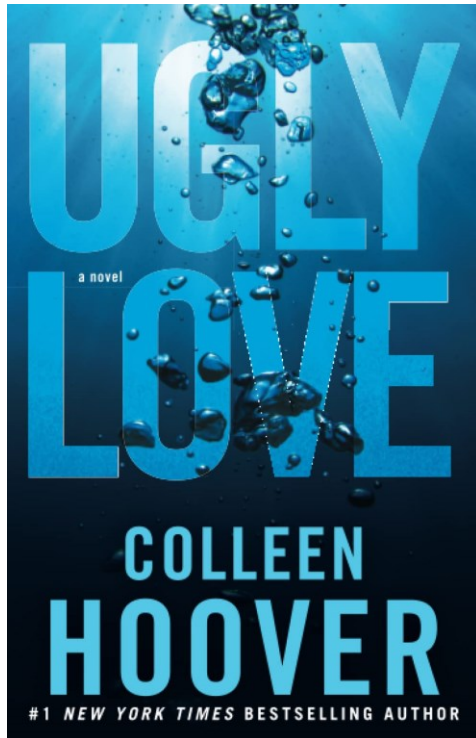


UGLY LOVE



Adult

By Colleen Hoover

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CONTENT WARNING

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Book Summary:

Two young adults have a sexual relationship, but their established rules change as they fall in love.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains obscene sexual activities; sexual nudity; profanity; alternate sexualities; and controversial religious commentary.

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Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
11	"What kind of apartment complex are you living in? Do I need to prepare to be groped by drunk people every time I come home?"
30	I don't want to be attracted to a guy who drinks himself into oblivion, cries over other girls, and can't even remember if he screwed you the night before.
50	His shirt isn't buttoned. I'm staring at his stomach. Oh my word, he has the V. Those beautiful indentations on men that run the length of their outer abdominal muscles, disappearing beneath their jeans as if the indentations are pointing to a secret bull's-eye. Jesus Christ, Tate, you're staring at his damn crotch!
77	"He's gay, honey," she says.
81	"Everyone wants love," I say. "Or at least sex. It's human nature."
85	He wants me for sex. I kind of miss sex. It's been a while. I know I'm definitely attracted to him and can't think of anyone else in my life I'd rather have casual, meaningless sex with than my airline pilot, laundry-folding neighbor. ...I just told this guy I would have sex with him without any expectations, and he's still way over there, and I'm way over here, and it's becoming clear I definitely had him pegged wrong.
86	I'm nervous because I'm not so sure that just sex with him is possible. Based on the way I'm drawn to him, I have a pretty good feeling sex will be the least of our problems. Yet here I sit, pretending to be fine with just sex. ..."Well, we can't have sex right now," he says. Dammit. "Why not?" "The only condom I have in my wallet has probably disintegrated by now." ...He slowly walks back to where I'm seated, until my knees are on either side of his waist. ...He brings his hand up and slides them through my hair, brushing his thumbs across my cheek. He inhales a shaky breath while looking down at my mouth. "You make it so hard to breathe." He punctuates his sentence with a kiss, bringing his lips over mine. Every remaining part of me that had yet to melt in his presence is now liquefied like the rest of me. I try to recall a time when a man's mouth felt this good against mine. His tongue slides across my lips, then dips inside, tasting me, filling me, claiming me. Oh...my. I. Love. His. Mouth. I tilt my head so I can taste more of it. He tilts his to taste more of mine. His tongue has a great memory, because it knows exactly how to do this. He drops his injured hand and rests it on my thigh, while his other hand grips the back of

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	<p>my head, crushing our lips together. My hands no longer have hold of his shirt. They're exploring his arms, his neck, his back, his hair.</p> <p>I moan softly, and the sound causes him to press into me, pulling me several inches closer to the edge of the bar.</p> <p>"Well, you're definitely not gay," someone says from behind us.</p> <p>Oh, my God.</p> <p>Dad.</p> <p>...He opens the refrigerator and grabs a bottle of water, like he walks in on his daughter being felt up by his houseguest every single night.</p>
92	<p>"Second, no sex."</p> <p>I'm not nodding anymore.</p> <p>"Ever?" I ask her.</p> <p>She's nodding. Oh, I really hate that nod.</p> <p>"Why?"</p> <p>She sighs heavily. "Sex will make it that much harder when our time is up. You know that."</p> <p>...I grin. "So sex is the only thing off limits? And we're talking penetration, right? Not oral?"</p>
103	<p>The only things that connect are our mouths. I kiss her softly, barely touching her lips, but it hurts so bad. It hurts worse than any other kiss we've shared. Kisses where our mouths collide. Our teeth collide. Frantic kisses that are so rushed they're sloppy. Kisses that end with me biting her lip or her biting mine.</p>
105	<p>He hands are on my back, tugging, pulling me closer. Her legs are wrapping around mine like she's trying to embed herself inside me.</p> <p>She already has.</p> <p>It's frantic again. Teeth-crashing, lip-biting, hurried, rushed, panting, touching. She's moaning, and I can feel her trying to pull from my mouth, but my hand is wrapped in her hair, and I'm covering her mouth desperately, hoping she'll never break for breath.</p> <p>She makes me release her.</p> <p>I drop my forehead to hers, gasping in an effort to keep my emotions from spilling over the edge.</p> <p>"Miles," she says breathlessly. "Miles, I love you. I'm so scared. I don't want us to end."</p>
107	<p>"...You never talk about girls, and you've apparently left sex off your schedule for six years straight."</p> <p>...He's looking straight at me. Invading me. "It's on the agenda now," he says with a smile.</p> <p>I'm an agenda now.</p>
108	<p>And then I freak the hell out because Miles will see my bra and underwear tonight.</p> <p>And possibly touch them.</p> <p>If it's part of his agenda, he might even be the one to remove them.</p>
109	<p>Random guy: Tate, you want to have sex?</p> <p>Me: Sure. Let me finish up with these two guys, and I'll be right over. By the way,</p>

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	<p>I don't have any rules, so anything goes. Random guy: Awesome.</p>
110	<p>I grab it right before his arms wrap around my waist. He's laughing. "Put it back, Tate." I open it and look inside. Condoms.</p>
113	<p>But Miles and I both know what's about to happen. He walks to the bed and sits on the edge of it. "Come here," he says. I smile, then walk a few feet to where he's seated. He cups the back of my thighs, then presses his lips to the T-shirt covering my stomach. My hands fall to his shoulders, and I look down at him. He's looking up at me, and the calmness in his eyes is contagious. "We can go slow," he says. "It doesn't have to be tonight. That wasn't one of the rules." I laugh, but I also shake my head. "No, it's fine. You're leaving in a few hours and won't be back for, what, five days?" "Nine this time," he says. I hate that number. "I don't want to make you wait nine days after getting your hopes up," I say. His hands slide up the back of my things and come around to the front of my jeans. He flicks the button open effortlessly. "Being able to imagine doing this with you is in no way torture for me," he says as his fingers touch my zipper. He begins to pull it down, and my heart is hammering away in my chest so hard it feels like it's building something. Maybe my heart is building a stairway for himself all the way to heaven, since he knows he'll explode and die the second these jeans slide off. "It'll for sure be torture for me," I whisper. My zipper is undone, and his hand is sliding inside my jeans. He pushes his hand around to my hip, then begins to tug them off. I close my eyes and try not to sway, but his other hand has lifted up my shirt just enough for his lips to press against my stomach. It's overwhelming. Both his hands slip inside my jeans now, around to my backside. He pushes my jeans down slowly until they're around my knees. His tongue meets my stomach, and my hands get lost in his hair. When my jeans are finally around my ankles, I step out of both them and my shoes at the same time. His hands slid back up my thighs and to my waist. He pulls me to him so that I'm straddling him. He adjusts my legs on either side of him, then cups my rear and pulls me flush against him. I gasp. I don't know why it seems like I'm the inexperienced one here. I certainly expected him to be a little less take-charge, but I'm not complaining. Not at all. I lift my arms for him when he attempts to pull off my shirt. He throws it to the floor behind me, and his lips reconnect with mine as his hands work the clasp of my bra. It's not fair. I'm about to be left with one article of clothing, and he hasn't removed anything yet.</p>

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	<p>"You're so beautiful," he whispers, pulling back to slide off my bra. His fingers slip beneath the straps, and he begins to slide them down my arms. I'm holding my breath, waiting for him to take it off. I want his mouth on me so bad I can't think straight. When the bra lowers, revealing all of me, he exhales. "Wow," he says with shaky breath.</p> <p>He tosses the bra onto the floor and looks back up at me. He smiles and briefly presses his lips to mine, kissing them softly. When he pulls back, he brings his hands up to my cheeks and looks me in the eyes. "You having fun?"</p> <p>I bite my bottom lip to keep from smiling as much as I want to smile right now. He leans forward and takes my lip into his mouth, pulling it away from my teeth. He kisses it for a few seconds, then releases it. "Don't bite that again," he says. "I like seeing you smile."</p> <p>Of course, I smile again.</p> <p>My hands are on his shoulders, so I slide them lower on his back and begin to tug on his shirt. He releases my face and lifts his arms so I can take it off of him. I lean back and take him in, just as he's taking me in right now. I run my hands over his chest, touching every contour of every muscle. "You're beautiful, too."</p> <p>He presses his palms into my back, urging me to sit up straight. As soon as I do, he lowers his mouth to my breast and softly glides his tongue across my nipple. I moan, and he covers it with his mouth completely.</p> <p>One of his hands moves to my hip and slides beneath the hem of my underwear. "I want you on your back," he whispers. He keeps one hand on my back as he seamlessly switches positions, pulling me from his lap to his bed. He's bent over me now, pulling on my underwear as his tongue dips inside my mouth. My hands immediately fall to the button on his jeans, and I unbutton them, but he pulls away quickly. "I wouldn't do that yet," he warns. "Otherwise this will be over faster than it started."</p> <p>I kind of don't care how long it lasts. I just really want his clothes off of him. He begins to slide my underwear off of me. He bends one of my legs and slips it off my foot, then does the same to the other. He's definitely not looking me in the eyes anymore.</p> <p>He allows my legs to fall back to the bed as he stands up straight and backs two feet away from me.</p> <p>"Wow," he whispers, staring down on me. He's just standing here, staring at me as I lie naked on his bed, while he's still in the comfort of his jeans.</p> <p>"This feels a little unfair," I say.</p> <p>He shakes his head and pulls his fist against his mouth, biting his knuckles. He turns around until his back is to me and takes a long, deep breath. He faces me again, scrolling up the length of my body until he meets my eyes. "It's too much, Tate."</p> <p>I feel the disappointment seep in with his words. He's still shaking his head, but he's walking to the nightstand. He picks up the box of condoms and opens it, then pulls one out and puts it between his teeth, ripping it open.</p> <p>"I'm sorry," he says, frantically stepping out of his jeans. "I wanted this to be good for you. I wanted it to be memorable, at least." He's out of his jeans now. He's looking me in the eyes, but I'm finding it hard to keep eye contact with him, because now his boxers are off. "But if I'm not inside you in two seconds, this is</p>

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	<p>going to be really embarrassing for me."</p> <p>He walks swiftly to me and somehow slides the condom on at the same time as he's pushing my knees apart with his other hand. "I'll make it up to you in a few minutes. Promise," he says, pausing between my legs, waiting for my approval. "Miles," I say, "I don't care about any of that. I just want you inside me."</p> <p>"Thank God." He sighs. He takes my leg behind the knee with his right hand, and then his lips meet mine. He thrusts himself inside me so unexpectedly hard and fast I practically scream into his mouth. He doesn't stop to ask me if it hurts. He doesn't slow down. He pushes harder and deeper until there isn't any way we could possibly get any closer.</p> <p>It does hurt but in the best possible way.</p> <p>I'm moaning into his mouth, and he's groaning against my neck, and his lips are everywhere, along with his hands. It's rough. It's carnal and heavy and hot, and it's not quiet at all. It's fast, and I can tell by the tensing of his back beneath my hands that he was right. This won't take him long.</p> <p>"Tate," he breathes. "God, Tate."</p> <p>The muscles in his legs become tight, and he begins to shake. "Fuck?" he groans. His lips press to mine, hard, and he holds himself still, despite the tremors moving throughout his legs and his back. He pulls his lips from mine and exhales a huge breath, dropping his forehead to the side of my head. "Jesus fucking Christ," he says, still tense. Still shaking. Still pressed deep inside me.</p> <p>the second he pulls out of me, his lips are on my neck, moving down until the y meet my breasts. He kisses them but only briefly before he's back at my mouth again. "I want to taste you," he says. "Is that okay?"</p> <p>I nod.</p> <p>I nod vigorously.</p> <p>He pulls away from the bed, disposes of the condom, and returns to his spot next to me. I watch him the entire time, because- as much as he didn't want to know how long it's been since I've been with a guy- it's been almost a year. That's not anywhere near the sex years he's waited, but it's been long enough that I don't want to miss this by keeping my eyes closed. Especially now that I get to stare freely at the V and not have to be embarrassed by the fact that I can't take my eyes off of him.</p> <p>He's watching my body now with the same fascination as his hand glides across my stomach, then moves down until reaches my thighs. He pushes my legs apart as he watches what he's doing to me with so much enthrallment I have to keep my eyes open so I can watch him watch me. Seeing what I do to him is enough of a turn-on without him even touching me.</p> <p>Two of his fingers slide into me, and I suddenly find it a lot more difficult to continue watching him. His thumb remains outside me, teasing every spot it can touch. I moan and let my hands fall to the bed above my head as my eyes close. I pray he doesn't stop. I don't want him to stop.</p> <p>His mouth meets mine, and he kisses me softly, his lips a stark contrast to the pressure of his hand. His mouth slowly begins to explore its way down my chin until it's on my neck, the dip in my throat, trailing down my chest, covering my nipple, down my stomach, down, down, holy shit, down.</p>

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	<p>He settles himself between my legs, leaving his fingers inside me as his tongue meets my skin, separating me, causing my back to arch and my mind to let go. I just let go.</p> <p>I don't care that I'm moaning so loudly I probably just woke up the entire floor. I don't care that I'm digging my heels into the mattress, trying to pull away from him because it's too much.</p> <p>I don't care that his fingers leave me in order to grip my hips and hold me against his mouth, refusing to let me climb away from him, thank God.</p> <p>I don't care that I'm more than likely hurting him, pulling his hair, pushing him into me, doing whatever I can to reach a point so high I'm almost positive I've never been there before.</p> <p>My legs begin to shake, and his fingers find their way back inside me, and I'm pretty sure I'm trying to smother myself with his pillow, because I don't want to get him kicked out of this apartment building by screaming as loudly as I need to scream right now.</p> <p>All of a sudden, I feel as if I'm up in the air, flying. I feel like I could look down and there would be a sunrise below me. I feel like I'm soaring.</p> <p>I'm . . .</p> <p>Oh, God.</p> <p>I'm...</p> <p>Jesus Christ.</p> <p>I'm . . . this...him.</p> <p>I'm falling. I'm floating. wow.</p> <p>Wow, wow, wow.</p> <p>I never want to touch the ground again.</p> <p>When I've completely melted into the bed, he hungrily works his mouth back up my body. He takes the pillow off my face and tosses it aside, then kisses me briefly.</p> <p>"One more time, he says. He's off the bed and back on it in a matter of seconds, and then he's inside me again, but I don't even try to open my eyes this time. My arms are splayed out above my head, and his fingers are entwined with mine, and he's pushing, thrusting, living inside me. Our cheeks are pressed together, and his forehead is against my pillow, and neither of us has the energy left to even make a sound this time.</p> <p>He tilts his head until his lips meet my ear, and then he slows down to a gentle rhythm, pushing into me, then pulling completely out. He holds himself still, then pushes into me again, then pulls all the way out. He does this several more times, and all I can do is lie here and feel him.</p> <p>"Tate," he whispers, his lips close to my ear. He pulls out of me and stills himself again. "I can already say this with one hundred percent certainty." He thrusts back inside me.</p> <p>"The."</p> <p>He pulls out, then repeats his movement again.</p> <p>"Best."</p> <p>Again.</p> <p>"Thing."</p> <p>Again.</p>

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	<p>"I've." Again. "Ever." Again "Felt." He holds himself still, breathing heavily against my ear, gripping my hands so hard they hurt; but he doesn't make a single sound while he releases for the second time. We don't move. We don't move for a long time.</p>
122	<p>We did what I willingly agreed to, which was have sex. ...Not because of the way he dismissed me immediately after we had sex but rather for the way that dismissal made me feel. I thought I would want this to be strictly sex between us just as much as he does, but based on the beating my heart took in the last two minutes, I'm not so sure I'm capable of anything simple with him.</p>
124	<p>"Does this mean you and the boy are...what's the term they use now? Hookin' up? Bumpin' uglies?"</p>
134	<p>Right now, the only thing I can focus on is his finger as it slides softly down my mouth and chin. His eyes follow the tip of his finger as it keeps moving, trailing gently down my throat, all the way to my chest, down, down, down, to my stomach. That one finger feels as if it's touching me with the sensation of a thousand hands. My lungs and their inability to keep up are signs of that. His eyes are still focused on his finger as it comes to a pause at the top of my jeans, right above the button. His finger isn't even making contact with my skin, but you wouldn't know that based on the rapid response of my pulse. His entire hand comes into play now as he lightly traces my stomach over the top of my shirt until his hands meet my waist. Both of his hands grip my hips and pull me forward, securing me against him. His eyes close briefly, and when he opens them again, he's no longer looking down. He's looking straight at me. "I've been wanting to kiss you since you walked through my front door today." he says. His confession makes me smile. "You have incredible patience." His right hand leaves my hip, and he brings it up to the side of my head, touching my hair as softly as possible. He begins to shake his head in slow disagreement. "If I had incredible patience, you wouldn't be with my right now." I latch on to that sentence and immediately try to figure out the meaning behind it, but the second his lips touch mine, I'm no longer interested in the words that left his mouth. I'm only interested in his mouth and how it feels when it invades mine. His kiss is slow and calm- the complete opposite of my pulse. His right hand moves to the back of my head, and his left hand slips around to my lower back. He explores my mouth patiently, as if he plans on keeping me behind this partition for the rest of the day. I'm summoning every last of willpower I can find in order to keep myself from</p>

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	<p>wrapping my arms and legs around him. I'm trying to find the patient he somehow shows, but it's hard when his fingers and hands and lips can pull these kinds of physical reactions out of me.</p> <p>The door to the back room opens, and the click of the saleswoman's heels can be heard against the floor. He stops kissing me, and my heart crises out.</p>
141	<p>"When my mom died, I stopped believing in God." ..."I didn't think God would make someone go through that much physical pain. I didn't think God would make someone suffer like she suffered. I didn't think God was capable of making someone go through something so ugly."</p>
156	<p>"I've never had sex in a car before," he says with a little bit of hope in his confession.</p> <p>"I've never had sex with a captain before," I offer.</p> <p>He runs his hands under my scrub top, sliding them up my stomach until they meet my bra. He cups both breasts, then leans forward and kisses me. His kiss doesn't last long, because he breaks it to speak again. "I've never had sex as a captain before."</p> <p>I smile. "I've never had sex in scrubs before."</p> <p>His hands slide around to my back, and he dips them inside my waistband. He pulls my hips toward him at the same as he lifts himself ever so slightly, immediately causing my grip to tighten around his shoulders and a gasp to pass my lips. His mouth moves to my ear as his hands re-create the sensual rhythm between us by pulling my hips forward again. "As hot as you look in uniform, I'd much rather have sex with you in nothing at all."</p> <p>I'm embarrassed at how easily his words alone can make me moan. I'm also embarrassed at how quickly his voice can undo me, to the point where I probably want my clothes to come Off more than he does. "Please tell me you came prepared," I say, my voice already heavy with want.</p> <p>He shakes his head. "Just because I knew I would see you tonight doesn't mean I came with expectations." I'm immediately filled with disappointment. He lifts himself off the seat and slides his and into his back pocket. "I did, however, come with a hell of a lot of hope." He pulls the condom out of his wallet with a grin, and we both immediately begin to take action. My hands connect with the button on his jeans faster than our mouths connect. He slides his hands up the back of my top and begins to unclasp my bra, but I shake my head.</p> <p>"Just leave it on," I say breathlessly. The less clothes we take off, the faster we'll be able to get dressed if we get caught.</p> <p>He continues to unfasten it, despite my protest. "I don't want to be inside you unless I can feel you against me."</p> <p>Wow. Okay, then.</p> <p>When my bra is undone, he lifts my shirt over my head, and his fingers slide under the straps of my bra. He pulls them down my arms until the bra falls away. He tosses it into the backseat and then pulls his own shirt over his head. After his shirt joins my bra in the backseat, he wraps his arms around me and pulls me against him until our bare chests meet.</p> <p>We both immediately inhale sharp breaths. The warmth of his body creates a sensation that I don't want to pull away from. He begins kissing his way down</p>

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	<p>my neck, his breath coming in rough waves against my skin.</p> <p>"You have no idea what you do to me," he whispers against my throat.</p> <p>I smile, because that same exact thought just went through my own head. "Oh, I think I have an idea," I reply.</p> <p>His left hand palms one of my breasts, and he groans as his right hand dips into my pants.</p> <p>"Off," he says simply, tugging at the elastic band.</p> <p>He doesn't have to ask twice. I scoot back to my empty seat and begin removing the rest of my clothes while I watch him unzip his jeans.</p> <p>His eyes are all over me as he rips open the condom wrapper with his teeth.</p> <p>When the only article of clothing remaining between us is his unbuttoned pair of jeans, I scoot toward him.</p> <p>I feel ridiculously self-conscious that I'm in my car in the parking lot of my workplace and I'm completely naked. I've never done anything like this before. I've never really wanted to do anything like this before. I love how desperate we are for each other right now, but I also know I've never felt this kind of chemistry with anyone before.</p> <p>I place my hands on his shoulders and begin to straddle him while he slides on the condom.</p> <p>"Keep it quiet," he says teasingly. "I'd hate to be the reason you get fired."</p> <p>I glance at the window, still unable to see outside. "It's raining too hard for anyone to hear us," I say. "Besides, you were the louder one last time."</p> <p>He dismisses that with a quick laugh and begins kissing me again. His hands grip my hips, and he pulls me to him, readying himself against me. This position would normally cause me to moan, but I'm suddenly feeling stubborn with my noises now that he's mentioned it.</p> <p>"There's no way I was the louder one," he says with his lips still touching mine, "If anything, we tied."</p> <p>I shake my head. "I don't believe in ending things with a tie.</p> <p>That's a copout for people who are too scared they might lose."</p> <p>His hands meet my hips, and he's positioned against me in such a way all I would have to do to take him inside me would be to allow it to happen. However, I'm refusing to lower myself onto him simply because I like competition and I feel one about to begin.</p> <p>He lifts his hips, obviously ready to get things going between us. My legs tense, and I pull away just enough.</p> <p>He laughs at my resistance. "What's wrong, Tate? You scared now? Afraid once I'm inside you, we'll both see who the loud one really is?"</p> <p>There's a challenging gleam in his eyes. I don't verbally accept his challenge to see who can stay quieter. Instead, I keep my eyes locked with his while I slowly ease myself onto him. Both of us gasp simultaneously, but that's the only sound that passes between us.</p> <p>As soon as he's all the way inside me, his hands meet my back, and he pulls me against him. The only sounds we make are heavy sighs and even heavier gasps. The rain slapping against the windows and the roof magnifies the silence we're experiencing inside the car.</p> <p>The strength it takes to hold back is coupled with a need to hold on to each</p>

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	<p>other with more desperation. His arms are around my waist, gripping me so tightly it makes it hard to move. My arms are wrapped around his neck, and my eyes are shut. We're barely moving now because of the tight grips we have on each other, but I like it. I like how slow and steady our rhythm remains while we both focus on how to continue suppressing the moans caught in our throats. For several minutes, we continue in the same manner, moving just enough but at the same time not nearly enough. I think we're both too afraid to make any sudden movements, or the intensity will cause one of us to lose.</p> <p>One of his hand glides around to my lower back, and the other hand meets the back of my head. He takes a handful of my hair and gently tugs until my throat is exposed to his mouth. I wince the second his lips meet my neck, because staying quiet is a lot more challenging than I imagined it would be. Especially since he's at an advantage with the way we're positioned. His hands are free to roam anywhere they want, and that's exactly what they're doing right now. Roaming, caressing, trailing down my stomach so that he can touch the one place that could make me cede victory. I feel like he's cheating somehow.</p> <p>As soon as his fingers find the exact spot that would normally make me scream his name, I tighten my hold around his shoulders and reposition my knees so that I have more control of my movements. I want to put him through just as much torture as he's putting me through right now.</p> <p>As soon as I'm repositioned and able to ease myself further onto him, the slow-and-steady disappears. His mouth meets mine in a frantic kiss—one with more need and more force than any kiss before it. It's as if we're attempting to kiss away our natural desire to verbalize just how good this feels.</p> <p>I'm suddenly hit with a sensation that ripples through my entire body, and I have to lift myself off of him and hold still before I lose. Despite my need to slow things down, he does the opposite and applies more pressure to me with his hand. I bury my face against his neck and bite down gently on his shoulder in order to stop myself from moaning his name.</p> <p>The second my teeth meet his skin, I hear the hitch in his breath and feel the stiffening in his legs.</p> <p>He almost loses. Almost.</p> <p>If he moves inside me even an inch more while he's touching me this way, he'll win. I don't want him to win.</p> <p>Then again, I kind of do want him to win, and I'm thinking he wants to win with the way he breathes against my neck, gently lowering me back down onto him.</p> <p>Miles, Miles, Miles.</p> <p>He can sense that this isn't about to end in a tie, so he adds more pressure against me with his fingers at the same time as his tongue meets my ear.</p> <p>Oh, wow.</p> <p>I'm about to lose.</p> <p>Any second now.</p> <p>Oh, my word.</p> <p>He lifts his hips when he pulls me against him, forcing an involuntary "Miles!" out of my mouth, along with a gasp and a moan. I lift off of him, but as soon as he realizes he just won, he exhales heavily and pulls me back onto him with</p>

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	<p>more force.</p> <p>"Finally," he says breathlessly against my neck. "I didn't think I could last another second."</p> <p>Now that the competition is over, both of us let loose completely until we're being so loud we have to kiss again to stifle our sounds. Our bodies are moving in sync, speeding up, crashing harder together. We continue our frantic pace for a few more minutes, escalating in intensity until I'm positive I can't take another second of him.</p> <p>"Tate," he says against my mouth, slowing the rhythm of my hips with his hands. "I want us to come together." Oh, holy hell.</p> <p>If he wants me to last any longer, he can't say things like that. I nod my head, unable to form a coherent response.</p> <p>"Are you almost there?" he asks.</p> <p>I nod again and try my best to speak this time, but nothing comes out other than another moan.</p> <p>"Is that a yes?"</p> <p>His lips have stopped kissing mine, and he's focused on my response now. I bring my hands to the back of his head and press my cheek to his.</p> <p>"Yes," I somehow utter. "Yes, Miles. Yes." I feel myself begin to tense at the same time as he sucks in a sharp breath.</p> <p>I thought we were holding each other tightly before, but that doesn't begin to compare to this moment. It feels as if all our senses have magically melded together and we're feeling the exact same sensations, making the exact same noises, experiencing the exact same intensity, and sharing the exact same response.</p> <p>Our rhythm gradually begins to slow, right along with the tremors in our bodies. The tight grips we have around each other begin to loosen. He buries his face into my hair and exhales heavily.</p> <p>"Loser," he whispers.</p> <p>I laugh and move to bite him playfully on his neck. "You cheated," I say. "You brought in illegal reinforcement when you started using your hands."</p> <p>He laughs with a shake of his head. "Hands are fair game.</p> <p>But if you think I cheated, maybe we should have a rematch."</p> <p>I raise my eyebrows. "Best two out of three?"</p>
162	<p>We barely made it out of the elevator, much less to his bed. He almost took me right there in the hallway. The sad part is, I wouldn't have minded.</p>
164	<p>I barely had a chance to wave at him earlier before Miles shoved me onto the elevator and ravished me.</p>
166	<p>I don't tell Rachel she's pregnant yet, because she still has two minutes of hope left.</p>
173	<p>"He's trying to fuck your sister."</p>
175	<p>He starts walking back toward me and doesn't stop until his lips are pressed to mine and we can't walk any further because my back is against the apartment door.</p> <p>His hands are gripping my waist, and mine are gripping his shoulders. His tongue slides between my lips and into my mouth, and I take it, very willingly. He groans</p>

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	<p>and presses himself against me as my hands slide up his neck and through his hair.</p>
178	<p>He slides me to the very edge of the table and stands between my legs. His hands are still on my waist, but his lips are now on my jaw. "I was thinking," he says softly, his breath caressing my neck, covering me in chills. "About tonight and how you've been in class all day." He slides his hands beneath me, lifting me off the table. "And how you work all weekend, every weekend." My legs are wrapped around him now. He's carrying me to his bedroom.</p> <p>Now he's laying me on his bed.</p> <p>Now he's on top of me, brushing my hair back, looking me in the eyes. "And I realized that you never have a day off." His mouth is back to my jaw again, kissing it softly between each sentence. "You haven't had a day off since Thanksgiving, have you?"</p> <p>I shake my head, not understanding why he's talking so much but loving it just the same. His hand slides up under my shirt, and his palm meets my stomach, continuing upward until he's cupping my breast. "You must be really tired, Tate." I shake my head. "Not really."</p> <p>I'm lying.</p> <p>I'm exhausted.</p> <p>His lips leave my neck, and he looks me in the eyes. "You're lying," he says, brushing his thumb over the thin layer of bra covering my nipple. "I can tell you're tired." He lowers his mouth until it's pressed against mine so softly I barely even feel it. "I just want to kiss you for a few minutes, okay? Then you're going to leave and go get some rest. I don't want you to think I expect something just because we're both home."</p> <p>His mouth touches mine again, but his lips can't compare to what his words do to me. I never knew thoughtfulness could be such a turn-on.</p> <p>But oh, my God. It's so hot.</p> <p>His hand slides beneath my bra, and his mouth invades me. Every time his tongue caresses mine, it makes my head spin. I wonder if that will ever get old. I know he said he just wanted to kiss me for a few minutes, but his definition of kiss and my definition of kiss are written in two different languages. His mouth is everywhere.</p> <p>So are his hands.</p> <p>He pushes my shirt up above my bra, pulling one side of it down until my breast is exposed. He teases me with his tongue, looking up at me while he does it. His mouth is warm, and his tongue is even warmer, causing soft whimpers to escape from me.</p> <p>He runs his hand down my stomach and lifts slightly off of me, holding his weight up on his elbow. His hand trails over my jeans until he reaches the insides of my thighs. He runs his fingers against the material between my legs, and I let my head fall back and my eyes close.</p> <p>Good Lord, I love his version of kissing.</p> <p>He begins to rub his hand over me, pressing firmly against my jeans until my entire body is silently begging for him. His mouth is no longer on my breast. It's on my neck now, and he's kissing, nibbling, sucking, all in one spot, as if he's trying to brand me.</p>

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	<p>I'm trying to be quiet, but it's impossible when he's creating this amazing friction between us. But that's fine, because he's not being quiet, either. Every time I moan, he groans or sighs or whispers my name. Which is why I'm being so loud, because I love his sounds.</p> <p>Love them.</p> <p>His hand quickly moves to the button on my jeans, and he unbuttons them, but he doesn't switch positions or move away from my neck. He pulls my zipper down and slides his hands on top of my panties. He resumes the same movements, only this time they're a million times more intense, and I can instantly tell he isn't going to have to do it for much longer.</p> <p>My back arches off the bed, and it takes all I have not to pull away from his hand. It's as if he knows exactly the right places to touch that will make me react.</p> <p>"Christ, Tate. You're so wet." of his fingers pull my panties aside. "I want to feel you."</p> <p>And that's it.</p> <p>I'm a goner.</p> <p>His finger slips inside me, but his thumb remains outside, coaxing moans and oh, my Gods and don't stops out of me like I'm a broken record. He kisses me, swallowing all my sounds while my body begins to tremble beneath his hand. The sensation lasts so long and is so intense I'm afraid to let go of him when it's over. I don't want his hand to leave me. I want to fall asleep like this.</p> <p>I'm completely still, but we're both breathing so heavily we're unable to move. His mouth is still on mine, and our eyes are closed, but he's not kissing me. After a few moments, he finally pulls his hand out of my pants, then zips and buttons them back up. When I open my eyes, he's slowly sliding his fingers out of his mouth with a grin.</p> <p>Holy shit.</p> <p>I'm so glad I'm not standing up right now, or seeing him do that would have made me fall straight to the floor.</p> <p>"Wow," I say as I exhale. "You're pretty damn good at this."</p> <p>He smiles even wider. "Why, thank you," he says. He leans forward and kisses my forehead. "Now, go home and get some sleep, girl."</p> <p>He begins to lift off the bed, and I grab his arms and pull him back down. "Wait," I tell him. I push him onto his back and slide on top of him. "That's not really fair to you."</p> <p>"I'm not keeping score," he says, rolling me onto my back.</p>
182	<p>Miles looks back at me, and before I think he even has time to process my words, he's pulling me inside his apartment. He slams the door shut and shoves me against it, and once again, his mouth is everywhere.</p> <p>I waste no time, unbuttoning his jeans and pulling them down several inches. His hands take over and pull my pants down completely, along with my underwear. As soon as he slides my feet out of them, he's urging me toward his kitchen table. He spins me around, positioning me until I'm leaning across the table on my stomach.</p> <p>He reaches between my legs, spreading them farther apart while freeing himself from his jeans. Both of his hands move to my waist and grip tightly. He steadies</p>

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	<p>himself against me and then carefully eases himself inside me. "Oh, God," he groans.</p> <p>I press my palms flat out on the table. There's nothing to grab hold of, and I desperately need to grab something.</p> <p>He leans forward, pressing his chest against my back. His breaths are heavy and hot and crashing against my skin. "I have to get a condom."</p> <p>"Okay," I breathe out.</p> <p>He hasn't backed away yet, though, and my body naturally wants to take him in the rest of the way. I press myself against him, pushing him further inside me, causing him to dig his fingers into my hips so hard I wince.</p> <p>"Don't, Tate."</p> <p>His voice is a warning.</p> <p>Or a dare.</p> <p>I do it again, and he groans, quickly pulling out of me completely. His hands are still digging into my hips, and he's still pressed against me—he's just no longer inside me.</p> <p>"I'm on the pill," I whisper.</p> <p>He doesn't move.</p> <p>I close my eyes, needing him to do something. Anything. I'm dying here.</p> <p>"Tate," he whispers. He doesn't follow it up with anything. We stand quietly still, with him in the same position, poised right outside me.</p> <p>"Dammit." He releases my waist and finds my hands palms down on the table. He slides his fingers through mine and squeezes, then buries his face against my neck from behind me. "Brace yourself."</p> <p>He slams into me so unexpectedly I scream. One of his hands leaves mine, and he brings it to my mouth and covers it. "Shh " he warns. He holds still, giving me a moment to adjust to him inside me.</p> <p>He pulls out with a moan and slams into me again, causing me to yell out once more. His hand muffles my noises this time.</p> <p>He repeats his movements.</p> <p>Harder.</p> <p>Faster.</p> <p>He's grunting with every thrust, and I'm making noises I didn't even know I could make. I've never experienced anything like this before.</p> <p>I didn't know it could be this intense. This raw. This animalistic.</p> <p>I lower my face and press my cheek against the table.</p> <p>I squeeze my eyes shut. I let him fuck me.</p>
192	<p>He never promised anything other than sex, and that's exactly what he gave me. Sex.</p> <p>Nothing less and definitely nothing more.</p>
195	<p>"...They don't fuck them against their kitchen table and then walk away and make them feel like complete shit."</p>
196	<p>"Either admit you want me for more than just sex, or take me home."</p>
207	<p>His lips meet the spot just below my ear, and I want to pull him closer and push him as far away as I can. His mouth continues to move across my skin, and I feel my neck tilting so that he can find even more of me to kiss. His fingers tangle in</p>

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	<p>my hair as he grips the back of my head to hold me still against his mouth. "Make me leave," he says, his voice pleading and warm against my throat. "You don't need this." He's kissing his way up my throat, breaking for breath only when he speaks. "I just don't know how to stop wanting you. Tell me to go, and I'll go." I don't tell him to go. I shake my head. "I can't."</p> <p>I turn my face toward his just as he's worked his way up to my mouth, then I grab his shirt and pull him to me, knowing exactly what I'm doing to myself. I know this time won't end any prettier than the other times, but I still want it just as much. If not more.</p> <p>He pauses and looks me hard in the eyes. "I can't give you more than this," he whispers as a warning. "I just can't."</p> <p>I hate him for saying that but respect it just the same.</p> <p>I respond by pulling him closer until our lips meet. We open our mouths at the exact same time and completely devour each other. We're frantic, pulling at each other, moaning, digging into each other's skin.</p> <p>Sex, I remind myself. It's just sex. Nothing more. He's not giving me any other part of him.</p> <p>I can tell myself that all I want, but at the same time, I'm taking, taking, taking as much as I can get. Deciphering every sound he makes and every touch, attempting to convince myself that what he's giving me is so much more than what it probably is.</p> <p>I'm a fool.</p> <p>At least I'm a self-aware fool.</p> <p>I unbutton his jeans, and he unfastens my bra, and before we're even in my bedroom, my shirt is off. Our mouths never separate as he shuts my door, then yanks off my bra. He pushes me onto the bed and pulls off my jeans, then stands and removes his own.</p> <p>It's a race.</p> <p>It's Miles and me against everything else.</p> <p>We're racing our consciences, our pride, our respect, the truth. He's trying to get inside me before any of the rest of that stuff catches up to us.</p> <p>As soon as he's back on the bed, he's over me, against me, then inside me.</p> <p>We win.</p> <p>His mouth finds mine again, but that's all it does. He doesn't kiss me. Our lips touch and our breath collides and our eyes meet, but there isn't a kiss.</p> <p>What our mouths are doing is so much more than that. With every thrust inside me, his lips slide over mine, and his eyes grow hungrier, but he never once kisses me.</p> <p>A kiss is so much easier than what we're doing. When you kiss, you can close your eyes. You can kiss away the thoughts. You can kiss away the pain, the doubt, the shame. When you close your eyes and kiss, you protect yourself from the vulnerability.</p> <p>This isn't us protecting ourselves.</p> <p>This is confrontation. This is a standoff. This is eye-to-eye combat. This is a dare, from me to Miles, from Miles to me. I dare you to try to stop this, we're both silently screaming.</p> <p>His eyes remain focused on mine the entire time as he moves in and out of me.</p>

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	<p>With each thrust, I hear his words from just a few short weeks ago repeat in my head.</p> <p>It's easy to confuse feelings and emotions for something they aren't, especially when eye contact is involved.</p> <p>I completely understand now. I understand so well I almost wish he'd close his eyes, because he's more than likely not feeling what his eyes are showing me right now.</p> <p>"You feel so good," he whispers. The words fall into my mouth, forcing moans out of me in reciprocation. He lowers his right hand between us, placing pressure against me in a way that would normally cause my head to fall backward and my eyes to fall shut.</p> <p>Not this time. I'm not backing down from this confrontation. Especially not when he's staring straight into my eyes, defying his own words.</p> <p>Even though I refuse to back down, I do let him know I like what he's doing to me. I can't help but let him know that, because I don't have control over my voice right now. It's possessed by a girl who thinks she wants this from him.</p> <p>"Don't stop," my voice says, becoming more possessed by him the longer this continues.</p> <p>"Wasn't planning on it."</p> <p>He applies more pressure, both inside and outside me. He grabs my leg behind the knee and pulls it up between our chests, finding a slightly different angle to enter me. He holds my leg firmly against his shoulder and somehow thrusts into me even deeper.</p> <p>"Miles. Oh, my God." I moan his name and God's name and even shout out to Jesus a couple of times. I begin to shudder beneath him, and I'm not sure which one of us broke down first, but we're kissing now. We're kissing as hard and as deep as his thrusts inside me.</p> <p>He's loud. I'm louder.</p> <p>I'm shaking. He's shaking harder.</p> <p>He's out of breath. I'm inhaling enough for both of us.</p> <p>He pushes into me one final time and holds me firmly against the mattress with his weight. "Tate," he says, moaning my name against my mouth as his body recovers from the tremors. "Fuck, Tate." He slowly pulls out of me and presses his cheek against my chest. "Holy shit," he breathes. "It's so good. This. Us. so fucking good." "I know."</p> <p>He rolls onto his side and keeps his arm draped across me.</p> <p>We lie together quietly.</p>
212	"You just fucked my sister?"
220	<p>We're doing exactly what we agreed to do in the beginning, which was to have sex.</p> <p>A lot of sex.</p> <p>Shower sex. Bedroom sex. Floor sex. Kitchen-table sex.</p>
222	<p>Our eyes remain locked for several long seconds. I continue to stare up at him, waiting for the take-back. His fingers are still on the second button of my shirt, but they're not attempting to unbutton it anymore.</p> <p>He focuses on my mouth, then back to my eyes again, then back to my mouth.</p>

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	<p>"Tate," he whispers. He says my name so softly I'm not even sure his mouth moves.</p> <p>I don't have time to respond. His hand leaves the button of my shirt and slides through my hair at the same moment as his lips connect fiercely with mine. He slides his body on top of me, and his kiss instantly becomes intense. Deep. Dominating. His kiss is full of something that's never been there before. Full of feeling. Full of hope.</p> <p>Until this moment, I thought a kiss was a kiss was a kiss. I had no idea kisses could mean different things and feel so completely opposite from one another. In the past, I've always felt passion and desire and lust...but this time, it's different.</p> <p>...He rolls off of me when he's finished.</p>
224	<p>Why can't this just be sex for me, too? Why can't I come over here, give him what he wants, get what I want, and leave?</p>
238	<p>"You know, he says, pulling me onto his lap, "I hate the circumstances surrounding the reason you probably didn't have time to put on pants, but I love that you don't have on pants." His hands slide up my thighs, and he pulls me closer until we're flush together. He kisses the tip of my nose, then kisses my chin.</p> <p>"Miles?" I run my hands through his hair and down his neck, then pause with them on his shoulders. "I was also scared it could have been you," I whisper.</p> <p>"That's why I'm glad you're back."</p> <p>His eyes grow soft, and the worry lines between them disappear. I may not know anything about his past or his life, but I definitely notice that he hasn't called anyone to let them know he's okay. That makes me sad for him.</p> <p>His eyes fall away from mine and land on my chest. He fingers the bottom edges of my shirt, then slowly pulls it over my head. I have nothing but a pair of panties on now.</p> <p>He leans forward, wraps his arms around my back, and pulls me against his mouth. His lips close softly over my nipple, and my eyes shut involuntarily. Chills erupt over my skin as his hands begin to explore every bare part of my back and my thighs. His mouth works its way to my other breast, just as his hands slip inside my panties at my hips.</p> <p>"I think I have to rip these off you, because I sure don't want you to move off my lap," he says.</p> <p>I smile. "Fine with me. I have more where these came from." I can feel him grin against my skin as his hands pull at the elastic band of my underwear. He pulls on one side but fails to tear them. He tries ripping the other side to pull them off me, but nothing gives.</p> <p>"You're giving me a wedgie," I say, laughing.</p> <p>He lets out a frustrated sigh. "It's always so much sexier when they do this on TV."</p> <p>I readjust myself and sit up straighter. "Try it again," I encourage. "You can do it, Miles."</p> <p>He grabs the left side of my panties and yanks them hard.</p> <p>"Ouch!" I yell, scooting in the direction of his pull to lessen the pain of the elastic</p>

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	<p>digging into my right side.</p> <p>He laughs again and drops his face to my neck. "Sorry," he says. "Got any scissors?"</p> <p>I cringe at the thought of him coming at me with a pair of scissors. I scoot off of him and stand up, then pull my underwear down, kicking them off and away from me.</p> <p>"Watching you do that was totally worth my failed attempt at being sexy," he says.</p> <p>I smile. "Your failed attempt at being sexy actually made you sexy."</p> <p>My comment makes him laugh again. I walk toward him and climb back onto his lap. He repositions me so that I'm straddling him again. "My failures are a turn-on for you?" he asks teasingly.</p> <p>"Oh, yeah," I murmur. "So hot."</p> <p>His hands are on me again, roaming across my back and down my arms. "You would have loved me from the ages of thirteen to sixteen," he says. "I failed at pretty much everything. Especially football."</p> <p>I grin. "Now we're talking. Tell me more."</p> <p>"Baseball," he says, right before he presses his mouth to my neck. He kisses his way up to my ear. "And one semester of world geography."</p> <p>"Holy shit." I moan. "Now, that's hot."</p> <p>He moves his lips to my mouth and pulls me in for a soft kiss.</p> <p>He barely touches his mouth to mine. "I failed at kissing, too. Terribly. I almost choked a girl with my tongue once." I laugh.</p> <p>"Want me to show you? "</p> <p>As soon as I nod, he's repositioning us on the couch until I'm lying on my back and he's on top of me. "Open your mouth"</p> <p>I open it. He drops his mouth to mine and shoves his tongue inside, giving me what is quite possibly the worst kiss I've ever experienced.' I push against his chest, attempting to get his tongue out of my mouth, but he doesn't budge. I turn my face the left, and he begins licking my cheek, causing me to laugh to harder. even</p> <p>"Oh, my God, that was terrible, Miles!"</p> <p>He pulls his mouth away and lowers himself on top of me.</p> <p>"I got better."</p> <p>I nod. "That's a fact," I say, agreeing wholeheartedly.</p> <p>We're both smiling. The relaxed look on his face fills me with so many emotions I can't even begin to classify them. I'm because ' we're having fun together. I'm sad, because happy, we're having fun together. I'm angry, because we're having fun together and it makes me want so much more of this. So much more of him.</p> <p>We quietly stare at each other, until he slowly dips his head, pressing a long kiss against my lips. He begins placing soft kisses all over my mouth until the kisses become longer and more intense. His tongue eventually parts my lips, and the playfulness disappears.</p> <p>It's quite serious now, as our kisses grow more hurried and his clothes begin to join mine on the floor, piece by piece.</p>

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	<p>"The couch or your bed?" he whispers. "Both," I reply. He obliges.</p>
241	<p>Whether it's a glimpse of his past or time spent without the sex or even time sleeping, he's giving me more of himself, little by little.</p>
244	<p>"What if he turns out to be gay?" Rachel asks me. "Would that bother you?" ... "What if ye doesn't believe in God?" she asks.</p>
256	<p>He slides his head around to my jaw, and his thumb meets my lip. He pulls it away from my teeth. "What did I tell you about hiding that smile?" He takes my bottom lip between his teeth and bites it gently, then releases it. It feels as if the temperature in the pool just shot up twenty degrees. His mouth meets my throat, and he breaths out a heavy sigh against my skin. I tilt my head back and let it rest against the ledge of the pool as he kisses his way down my neck. "I don't want to swim any more," he says, sliding his lips from the base of my throat all the way up to my mouth again. "Well, then what do you want to do?" I whisper weakly. "You," he says without hesitation. "In my shower. From behind." I swallow a huge gulp of air and feel it fall all the way to the pit of my stomach. "Wow. That's very specific." "And also in my bed," he whispers. "With you on top, still soaking wet from the shower." I inhale sharply, and we can both hear the tremble of my breath as I exhale. "Okay," I try to say, but his mouth is on mine before the word is even all the way out. And once again, what should have been an eye-opening conversation for me is shoved aside to make room for the only thing he's willing to give me.</p>
264	<p>His face is right next to my ear, and his chest is pressed against my back. "That's what we've been doing, Tate. Fucking. I've made that clear from day one."</p>
265	<p>"There's a huge difference between fucking someone and making love to them. You haven't fucked me in more than a month. Every time you're inside me, you're making love to me. I can see it in the way you look at me..."</p>
275	<p>He slips his hand beneath my skirt and begins to pull down my underwear at the same time as I hook my thumbs onto the hips of his jeans and push them down. My panties make it to my ankles, and I kick them off, just as he takes both my hands and pushes them above my head, pressing them to the floor. He drops his forehead to mine but doesn't kiss me. He closes his eyes, but I keep mine open. He wastes not time pushing himself between my legs, spreading them wider. He moves his forehead to the side of my head, then slides into me slowly. When he's all the way inside me, he exhales, releasing some of his pain. Taking his mind away from whatever horror he just went through. He pulls out, then thrusts inside me again, this time with all his strength. It hurts. Give me your pain, Miles. "My God, Rachel," he whispers. My God, Rachel... Rachel, Rachel, Rachel.</p>

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	<p>That word gets put on repeat inside my head. My. God. Rachel. I turn my head away from his. It's the worst pain I've ever felt. The absolute worst. His body immediately stills inside mine when he realizes what he said. The only thing moving between us right now are the tears falling from my eyes. "Tate," he whispers, shattering the silence between us. "Tate, I'm so sorry." I shake my head, but the tears won't stop. ...He begins to pull out of me, but I tighten my legs around his. He sighs heavily against my cheek. "I swear to God, Tate. I wasn't thinking about-" "Stop," I whisper. I don't want to hear him defend what just happened. "Just finish, Miles." He lifts his head and looks down at me. I see the apology, clear as day, hiding behind fresh tears. I don't know if it's my words that have just cut him again or the fact that we both know this is it, but it looks like his heart just broke again. If that's even possible. A tear falls from his eyes and lands on my cheek. I feel it roll down and combine with one of my own. I just want this to be over. I wrap my hand around the back of his head and pull his mouth to mine. He's not moving inside me anymore, so I arch my back, pressing my hips harder against him. He moans in my mouth and moves against me once, then stops again. "Tate," h says against my lips. "Just finish, Miles," I say to him through my tears. "Just finish." He places a palm against my cheek and he presses his lips to my ear. ...I wrap my arms around his neck. "Please," I beg him. "Please, Miles." I'm crying, begging for something, but I don't even know what it is anymore. He thrusts against me. Hard this time. So hard I scoot away from him, so he wraps his arms under my shoulders and cups hi hands upward, holding me in place against him as he repeatedly pushes into me. Har, long, deep thrusts that force moans out of both of us with every movement. "Harder," I beg. He pushes harder. "Faster." He moves faster. We're both gasping for breath between our tears. It's intense. It's heartbreaking. It's devastating. It's ugly. It's over.</p>
280	<p>She does kiss me tonight, though. She kisses me and takes off her shirt. She tells me to make love to her. I tell her we shouldn't. I tell her we're supposed to wait two more weeks. She kisses me so I'll stop talking. I kiss her back. Rachel loves me again. I think.</p>

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	<p>She's kissing me like she loves me. I'm gentle with her. I go slow. She's touching my skin like she loves me. I don't want to hurt her. She cries. Please don't cry, Rachel. I stop. She tells me not to stop. She tells me to finish. Finish. I don't like that word. Like this is a job. I kiss her again. I finish.</p>
316	<p>She winds up in my lap, straddling me in the cockpit of the airplane. It's cramped and tight. It's perfect.</p>
317	<p>"I've never made love to my fiancée before," I say in response. Her hands slowly slide down my neck and shirt until her fingers meet the button on my jeans. "Well, I think we need to rectify that," she says, ending her sentence with a kiss.</p>

Profanity	Count
Ass	3
Bitch	1
Fuck	15
Piss	5
Prick	1
Shit	14